

Newport Mercury.

The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter II

THE CLAIRBORNE OF WASHINGTON.

THE girl with the white plumed hat started and dashed slightly, and her brother glanced over his shoulder toward the resplendent door to see what had attracted her attention.

"This is the unknown, Dick," "I must say I like his persistence," exclaimed the young fellow, turning again to the table. "In America I should call him out and punch his head, but over here—"

"Over here you have better manners," replied the girl, laughing. "But why trouble yourself? He doesn't even look at us. We are of no importance to him whatever. We probably speak a different language."

"But he travels by the same train, he stops at the same time, he sits near us at the theater—he even affects the same pictures in the same galleries! It's growing a little monotonous. It's really insupportable. I think I shall have to try my stick on him."

"You flatter yourself, Richard," mocked the girl. "He's fully your height and a trifle broader across the shoulders. The lines about his mouth are almost as firm as yours, though he is a younger man. His eyes are nice blue ones, and they are very steady. His hair is—she paused to reflect and tilted her head slightly, her eyes wandering for an instant to the subject of her comment—"light brown, I should call it. And he is restless, as all self-respecting men should be."

She rested her cheek against her tightly clasped hands and sighed deep-

ly, and we might even go so far as to call her the three of us, with you as the watchful chaperon. You forget how I have worked for you, Dick. I took great chances in forcing an acquaintance with those frosty English people at Florence just because you were crazy about the scrawny blond who wore the frightful hats. I wash my hands of you hereafter. Your taste in girls is horrible."

"Your infatuation has been affected by reading these fake kingdom romances, where a ridiculous prince gives up home and mother and his country to marry the usual beautiful American girl who travels about having silly adventures. I belong to the Know Nothing party—America for Americans and only white men on guard!"

"Yes, Richard, your sentiments are worthy, but they'd have more weight if I hadn't seen you staring your eyes out every time we came within a mile of a penny princess. I haven't forgotten your disgraceful conduct in collecting photographs of that homely daughter of a certain English duke. We'll call the incident closed, little brother."

"Our friend Chauvenet," continued Captain Clairborne, "is less persistent, less gloomy, less present on the horizon. We haven't seen him for a week or two. But he expects to visit Washington this spring. His waiters are magnificent. The governor's chief every time the fellow unbosoms his coat."

"Mr. Chauvenet is an accomplished man of the world," declared Shirley, with an insouciant sparkle in her eyes. "He lives by his wits, and lives well." Clairborne dismissed Chauvenet and turned again toward the strange young man, who was still deep in his newspaper.

"He's reading the Neue Freie Presse," remarked Dick, "by which I argue that he's some sort of a Dutchman. He's probably a traveling agent for a Vienna glass factory or a drummer for a cheap wine house or the agent for a Munich brewery. That would account for his travels. We simply fall in with his commercial itiner-

"You seem to imply, brother, that my character is not in themselves sufficient, but a commercial traveler hardly commands that fine respect, that distinction, that air of having been places and seen things and known people."

"True! I have seen American book agents who had all that, even the air of having seen places! Your instincts ought to serve you better, Shirley. It's well that we go on tomorrow. I shall warn mother and the governor that you need watching."

Shirley Clairborne's eyes rested again upon the calm reader of the Neue Freie Presse. The water was now playing certain dishes upon the table without apparently interesting the young gentleman in the least. Then the unknown dropped his newspaper and looked at her reflectively. His gaze swept the room for the first time, passing over the heads of Miss Clairborne and her brother uneasily with perhaps too staid an air of indifference.

Captain Richard Clairborne and his sister Shirley had stopped at Geneva to spend a week with a younger brother who was in school there and were to join their father and mother at Liverpool and sail for home at once. The Clairbornes were permanent residents of Washington, where Hilton Clairborne, a former ambassador to two of the greatest European courts, was counsel for several of the embassies and a recognized authority in international law. He had been in Rome to report to the Italian government the result of his efforts to collect damages from the United States for the slaughter of Italian laborers in a railroad strike and had proceeded thence to England on other professional business.

Dick Clairborne had been ill and was abroad on leave in an effort to shake off the lingering effects of typhoid fever contracted in the Philippines. He was under orders to report for duty at Fort Myer on the 1st of April, and it was now late March. He and his sister spent the morning at their brother's school and were enjoying a detour at the time when the unknown dropped his newspaper and looked at her reflectively.

"Which doesn't help the matter much," said Shirley, "but I shall be glad to see you. With a full beard and grizzled hair like a Sicilian bandit. If I thought he was really pursuing you in this daily mysterious way I should certainly give him a piece of my American mind. I've might suppose that a girl would be nice traveling with her brother."

"He has a sense of humor," the girl continued. "I saw him yesterday." "You're always seeing him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I don't know any more, please. As I was saying, I saw him laughing over the Florence flower."

"But that's no sign he has a sense of humor. It rather proves that he hasn't. I'm disappointed in you, Shirley. To think that my own sister should be able to tell the color of a wandering blacksmith's eyes!"

He struck a match viciously, and his sister laughed.

"I might add to his portrait. That line and white scar is also beautiful, and his profile would be splendid."

"The fact is, the unknown, Dick," "To provide a continuation of her brother's glowing eulogy."

The young gentleman to whom she had referred had seated himself at a table not far distant, given an order with some particularity and settled himself to the reading of a newspaper which he had drawn from the pocket of his blue serge coat. He was at once absorbed and the presence of the Clairbornes gave him apparently not the slightest concern.

the light, and he noticed the color of his face. He could play with it and pump it about him like a whip.

Shirley Clairborne had been out of college a year and afforded a pleasant refutation of the dull theory that advanced education destroys a girl's charm or buoyancy, or whatever it is that is so greatly admitted in young womanhood. She gave forth the impression of vitality and strength. She was beautifully fair, with a high color that accentuated her youthfulness. Her brown hair, caught up from her brow in the fashion of the early years of the century, flushed gold in sunlight.

Much of Shirley's girlhood had been spent in the Virginia hills, where Judge Clairborne had long maintained a refuge from the heat of Washington. From childhood she had read the calendar of spring as it is written upon the landscape itself. Her fingers found by instinct the first arbutus. She knew where white violets shone first upon the rough breast of the hillsides, and particular patches of rhododendron had for her the infinite interest of private gardens.

As the Clairbornes lingered at their table a short stout man crept them from the door and advanced beatingly. "Ah, my dear Shirley, and Dick! Can it be possible? I heard only by the merest chance that you were here. But Switzerland is the real meeting place of the world."

The young American greeted the newcomer cordially. A waiter placed

a chair for him and took his hat. Arthur Singleton was an American, though he had lived abroad so long as to have lost his identity with any particular city or state of his native land. He had been an attaché of the American embassy at London for many years. Administrations changed and ambassadors came and went, but Singleton was never molested. It was said that he kept his position on the score of his wide acquaintance, he knew every one, and he was a great possessor of gossip, particularly about people in high station.

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The children of Hilton Clairborne were not to be overlooked. He would impress himself upon them, as was his way, for he was sincerely social by instinct and would go far to do a kindness for people he really liked. "Ah, well. You have arrived opportunely, Miss Clairborne. There's mystery in the air—the great Stroebel is here—under this very roof and in a dreadfully bad humor. He is a dangerous man—a very dangerous man, but falling fast. Poor Arthur! Count Ferdinand von Stroebel can have no successor. He's only a sort of hold-over from the nineteenth century, and with him and his empire out of the way—what? For my part I see only dark days ahead." And he concluded with a little sigh that implied crumbling thrones and falling dynasties.

The reader of the Neue Freie Presse, preparing to leave his table, fore from the newspaper an article that seemed to have attracted him, placed it in his card case and walked toward the door. The eyes of Arthur Singleton lighted in recognition, and the attaché, muttering an apology to the Clairbornes, addressed the young gentleman cordially.

"Why, Armitage, of all men?" and he rose, still facing the Clairbornes with an air of embracing the young Americans in his greetings. He never liked to see an attaché, and he would in no circumstances miss a chance to display the wide circumference of his acquaintance.

"Shirley—Miss Clairborne—allow me to present Mr. Armitage." The young army officer and Armitage then shook hands, and the three men stood for a moment, detained, it seemed, by the old attaché, who had no engagement for the next hour or two and resented the idea of being left alone.

"One always meets Armitage," declared Singleton. "He knows our America as well as we do—and very well indeed—for an Englishman." Armitage bowed gravely.

"You make it necessary for me to declare my allegiance to the powers that rule Great Britain. I'm really a fair sort of American. I have sometimes told New York people all about Colorado, Montana, New Mexico."

His voice and manner were those of a gentleman. His color, as Shirley Clairborne now observed, was that of an outdoor man. She was familiar with it in soldiers and sailors and knew that it testified to a rigorous and wholesome life.

"Of course you're not English," exclaimed Singleton, annoyed as he remembered or thought he did that Armitage had on some other occasion made the same protest.

"I'm really getting sensitive about it," said Armitage, more to the Clairbornes than to Singleton. "But what we all do from somewhere. Is it so particularly a plight to be a man with one's country?"

The mystery in his face was lifted by the good humor in his face. He spoke again Shirley's persistence, and she smiled at him. It seemed a rather a perfectly inevitable thing to do. The old attaché, who had no engagement for the next hour or two and resented the idea of being left alone, declared my allegiance to the powers that rule Great Britain. I'm really a fair sort of American. I have sometimes told New York people all about Colorado, Montana, New Mexico."

mitage took it and idly dropped it on a chair.

"Have you heard the news, Armitage? The American embassy is here—in this very house!" whispered Singleton impressively.

"You'd be sure, Count von Stroebel is here, but he will probably not be long. The Alps will soon be safe again. I am glad to have met you." He bowed to the Clairbornes and, nodding in response to Singleton's promise to look him up later and left them.

When Shirley and her brother reached their common sitting room, Dick Clairborne laughingly held up the copy of the Neue Freie Presse which Armitage had cast aside at their table.

"Now we shall know," he declared, unfolding the newspaper.

"Know what, Dick?"

"At least what our friend without a country is so interested in."

He opened the paper, from which half a column had been torn, noted the date, rang the bell and ordered a copy of the same issue. When it was brought he opened it, found the place, laughed loudly and passed the sheet over to his sister.

"Oh, Shirley, Shirley! This is almost too much!" he cried, watching her as her eyes swept the article. She turned away to escape his noise and after a glance threw down the paper in disgust. "The article dealt in detail with Austro-Hungarian finances and fairly bristled with figures and semi-conclusions based upon them."

"Isn't that the worst?" exclaimed Shirley, smiling ruefully.

"It's certainly a romantic figure ready to your hand. Probably a bank clerk who makes European finance his recreation."

"He isn't an Englishman, at any rate. He repudiated the idea with scorn."

"Well, your Mr. Armitage didn't seem so awfully excited at meeting Singleton, but he seemed rather satisfied with your appearance, to put it mildly. I wonder if he had arranged with Singleton to pass by in that purely incidental way, just for the privilege of making your acquaintance?"

"Don't be foolish, Dick. It's unbecomingly an officer and a gentleman. But if you should see Mr. Singleton again—"

"Yes—not if I see him first!" ejaculated Clairborne.

"Well, you might ask him who Mr. Armitage is. It would be amusing and satisfying to know."

Later in the day the old attaché fell upon Clairborne in the smoking room and stopped to discuss a report that a change was impending in the American state department. Changes at Washington did not trouble Singleton, who was sure of his tenure. He said as much, and after some further talk Clairborne remarked:

"Your friend Armitage seems a good sort."

"Oh, yes, a capital talker and thoroughly well posted in affairs."

"Too," he seemed interested. Do you happen to know where he lives—when he's at home?"

"Lord bless you, boy, I don't know anything about Armitage!" spluttered Singleton, with the emphasis so thrown as to imply that of course in any other branch of human knowledge he would be found abundantly qualified to answer questions.

"But you introduced us to him—my sister and me. I assumed—"

"My dear Clairborne, I'm always introducing people. It's my business to introduce people. Armitage is all right. He's always around everywhere. I've dined with him in Paris, and I've rarely seen a man order a better dinner."

Chapter III

DARK TIDINGS.

THE second day thereafter Shirley Clairborne went into a jeweler's on the Grand Quai to purchase a trinket that had caught her eye while she waited for Dick, who had gone off in their carriage to the postoffice to send some telegrams. It was a small shop and the time early afternoon, when few people were about. A man who had preceded her was looking at watches and seemed deeply absorbed in this occupation. She heard his inquiries as to quality and price and knew that it was Armitage's voice before she recognized his tall figure. She made her purchase quickly and was about to leave the shop when he turned toward her, and she bowed.

"Good afternoon, Miss Clairborne. These are very tempting baasars, aren't they? If the abominable tariff laws of America did not give us pause—"

He bent above her, hat in hand, smiling. He had concluded the purchase of a watch, which the shopkeeper was now wrapping in a box.

"I have just purchased a little remembrance for my ranch foreman out in Montana, and before I can place it in his hands it must be examined and appraised and all the pleasure of the gift destroyed by the custom officers in New York. I hope you are a good smuggler, Miss Clairborne."

"I'd like to be. Women are supposed to have a knack at the business, but my father is so patriotic that he makes me declare everything."

"Patriotism will carry you far, but I object both to being taxed and to the alternative of corrupting the gentlemen who he is in wait at the receipt of customs."

"Of course the answer is that Americans should buy at home," replied Shirley. She received her change, and Armitage placed his small package in his pocket.

"My brother expected to meet me here. He ran off with our carriage," Shirley explained.

"These lost errands are always trying. There are innumerable things one would like to run back for from old errands, but it is no use."

"There's the question," said Shirley. "Is there no shop to take to commit one afterwards by it. That lost view one badly for mounting that way. After I get home I shall think of some of things I should like to see again that I should like to see again."

Armitage had been the subject of no such long and long, but he

self that it seemed strange to be talking to him. His face brightened pleasantly when he spoke. His eyes were grayer than she had mockingly derided them for her brother's benefit the day before. His manner was gravely courteous, and she did not at all believe that he had followed her about.

Armitage was aware that a jeweler's shop was hardly the place for extended conversation with a young woman whom he scarcely knew, but he flattered in the joy of hearing this American girl's voice, and what she said interested him immensely. He had seen her first in Paris a few months before at an exhibition of battle paintings. He had come upon her standing quite alone before "High Tide at Gettysburg," the picture of the year, and he had noted the quick mounting of color to her cheeks at the splendid movement of the painting, its ardor and drama took hold of her. He saw her again in Florence, and it was from there that he had deliberately followed the Clairbornes.

His own plans were now quite unsettled by his interview with Von Stroebel. He fully expected Chauvenet in Geneva. The man had apparently been on cordial terms with the Clairbornes, and as he had seemed to be unalarmed by his own time it was wholly possible that he would appear before the Clairbornes left Geneva. It was now the second day after Von Stroebel's departure, and Armitage began to feel uneasy.

He stood with Shirley quite near the shop door. The carriage drove up, and Dick Clairborne came up to them at once and bowed to Armitage.

"There is great news. Count Ferdinand von Stroebel was murdered in his railway carriage between here and Vienna. They found him dead at midnight this morning."

"Is it possible? Are you quite sure he was murdered?"

It was Armitage who asked the question. He spoke in a tone quite marked

ter of fact and colorless, so that Shirley looked at him in surprise, but she saw that he was very grave, and then instantly some hidden feeling dashed in his eyes.

"There is no doubt of it. It was an atrocious crime. The count was an old man and feeble when we saw him the other day. He wasn't fair game for an assassin," said Clairborne.

"No," he deserved a better fate," remarked Armitage.

"He was a grand old man," said Shirley as they left the shop and walked toward the carriage. "Father admired him greatly. It is terrible to think of his being murdered."

"Yes; he was a wise and useful man," observed Armitage, still grave. "He was one of the great men of his time."

His tone was not that of one who discusses casually a bit of news of the hour, and Captain Clairborne paused a moment at the carriage door, curious as to what Armitage might say further.

"And now we shall see"—began the young American.

"We shall see Johann Wilhelm die of old age within a few years at most, and then Charles Louis, his son, will be the emperor-king in his place, and if he should go hence without heirs his cousin Francis would rule in the house of his father, and Francis is corrupt and worthless and quite necessary to the plans of destiny for the divine order of kings."

John Armitage stood beside the carriage quite erect, his hat and stick and gloves in his right hand, his left thrust tightly into the side pocket of his coat.

"A queer devil," observed Clairborne as they drove away. "A solemn customer and not cheerful enough to make a good drummer. By what singular chance did he find you in that shop?"

"I found him, dearest brother. If I must make the humiliating disclosure."

"I shouldn't have believed it! I hardly thought you would carry it so far."

"And while he may be a salesman of imitation cut glass he has expensive tastes."

"Lord help us, he hasn't been buying you a watch?"

"No; he was lavishing himself on a watch for the foreman of his ranch in Montana."

"Humph! You're chaffing."

"Not in the least. He said—I couldn't help being a witness to the transaction—he actually paid \$50 francs for a watch to give to the foreman of his ranch—his ranch, mind you, in Montana, U. S. A. He spoke of it so casually, as though he were always buying watches for cowboys. Now, where does that leave us?"

"I'm afraid it rather does for my theory. I'll look him up when I get home. Montana isn't a good hiding place any more. But it was odd the way he acted about old Stroebel's death. You don't suppose he knew him, do you?"

"It's possible. Poor Count von Stroebel! Many hearts are lighter now that he's done for."

"Yes, and there will be something doing in Austria now that he's out of the way."

Four days passed, in which they devoted themselves to their young brother. The papers were filled with accounts of Count von Stroebel's death and speculations as to its effect on the future of Austria and the peace of Europe.

Continued on Page Twenty

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THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

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rope. The Clalhorne saw nothing of Armitage. Dick asked for him in the hotel and found that he had gone, but would return in a few days.

It was on the morning of the fourth day that Armitage appeared suddenly at the hotel as Dick and his sister waited for a carriage to carry them to their train. He had just returned, and they met by the narrowest margin. He walked with them to the door of the Monte Rosa.

"We are running for the King Edward and home for a day in London before we sail. Perhaps we shall see you one of these days in America," said Clalhorne, with some malice. It must be confessed, for his sister's benefit.

"That is possible. I am very fond of Washington," responded Armitage carelessly.

"Of course you will look us up," persisted Dick. "I shall be at Fort Myer for awhile, and I will always be a pleasure."

Clalhorne turned for a last word with the porter about their baggage, and Armitage stood talking to Shirley, who had already entered the carriage.

"Oh, is there any news of Count von Kroschel's assassin?" she asked, noting the newspaper that Armitage held in his hand.

"Nothing. It's a very mysterious and puzzling affair."

"It's horrible to think such a thing possible. He was a wonderful old man. But very likely they will find the murderer."

"Yes; undoubtedly."

"The secret police will scour Europe in pursuit of the assassin," she observed.

"Yes," replied Armitage gravely.

"The truth will be known before we sail, no doubt," said Shirley. "The assassin may be here in Geneva by this time."

"That is quite likely," said John Armitage, with unbroken gravity. "In fact, I rather expect him here or I should be leaving today myself."

He bowed and made way for the impatient Clalhorne, who gave his hand to Armitage hastily and jumped into the carriage.

"Your invitation cut glass drummer has nearly caused us to miss our train. Thank the Lord, we've seen the last of that fellow!"

Shirley said nothing, but gazed out of the window with a wondering look in her eyes. And on the way to Liverpool she thought often of Armitage's last words. "I rather expect him here or I should be leaving today myself," he had said.

She was not sure whether, if it had not been for those words, she would have thought of him again at all. She remembered him as he stood framed in the carriage door—his gravity, his fine ease, the impression he gave of great physical strength and of resources of character and courage.

And so Shirley Clalhorne left Geneva, not knowing the curious web that fate had woven for her nor how those last words spoken by Armitage at the carriage door were to link her to strange adventures at the very threshold of her American home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Funerals in Peru.

According to social usage, women in Peru cannot attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets, the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.

He Followed the Water.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked a wanderer at the rear door of a suburban house one morning recently.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the housewife, who had opened the door.

"Yes, I followed the water for twenty years."

"Well," said the lady as she slammed the door in the face of her unwelcome visitor, "all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it!"—London Answers.

"Alexandria, Egypt."

All correspondents with Egypt in all parts of the world should be warned that it is necessary to put the word "Egypt" on all communications addressed to Alexandria, as a great deal of trouble and annoyance has been caused owing to communications addressed to the Egyptian city being delivered to Scotland, Canada, New South Wales, Cape Colony, Italy, the United States of America and other countries where towns of the same name exist.—Egyptian Gazette, Alexandria.

The Berliner.

On the theory that might goes before right the Berliner fitted his way past old ladies and tired women into crowded tram cars and ruthlessly jostled from his path the passers by in the streets with an obstinate insolence that goads the visitor accustomed to the higher civilization of other capitals to impatient fury.—Berlin Cor. London Outlook.

A Good Carriage.

Never neglect to go through some daily exercises which will keep the muscles in order, the head erect, the shoulders well thrown back. Carriage stands you in good stead even in old age.

Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."

Folk; the Foe of Boodlers

Achievements of Missouri's Courageous Governor, Who Started a National Anti-Graft Crusade and is a Presidential Possibility—Clean Cut, Resolute and Always in Earnest.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

He who violates the law is not a Democrat; he is not a Republican; he is a criminal," said Joseph W. Folk in the beginning of his career. Missouri has adopted both Folk and his motto. The time is certain to come—and the sooner the better—when the entire nation will also adopt the motto. Will it, too, adopt the man?

Up till the time it became plain that Bryan was in the field for a third nomination Folk was one of the most promising Democratic candidates. Since then he has not permitted his friends to talk of him. Nevertheless Joseph W. Folk is still a presidential possibility. No man who has done the work he has done and who has won the universal esteem that he has won is safe from political lightning.

Folk's fight on the grafters and his appeal to the conscience of the nation have won him a place in American history that will endure. To stand for moral advancement, to uphold private and public honesty, to break up a nest of crooks calling itself a political machine, to send rich and powerful criminals to jail and to start an anti-graft crusade that has spread throughout the country—to do these things is more than merely to be elected president.

These are not the only achievements of Governor Folk. He has killed the lobby in his state, has had the courage to enforce the Sunday closing and

him in many ways, among others in respect for his own word and for other people's property.

Battle Too Real For Badinage.

Folk gave the word "grafter" a new significance. He made it apparent that a millionaire criminal can be sent to jail if the prosecutor is sufficiently in earnest. The one thing needed by the American people is to cease regarding a crook as a joke, and the bigger the crook the bigger the joke. There is too much truth in Tom Lawson's indictment of the people that they only stand and grin at the efforts to save them from their enemies. A crook is never a joke; he is a menace. The battle against dishonesty is too real for badinage. The sense of humor is a good and wholesome thing so long as it does not descend to the frivolous and the flippant. There are times when laughter is out of place, when a grin reveals either a knave or a fool. It is time that this people got in earnest about the stock gamblers, manipulators, political bosses and official bribe takers who are stealing elections and robbing industry.

Somebody ought to write a platform consisting of four words, "Down with the crooks!"

That may not be a very elegant shibboleth, but it fits the needs of the case. The battle against organized rascality is not apt to be a pink tea affair. It will require something more than dilet-



GOVERNOR AND MRS. JOSEPH W. FOLK.

other antislavery laws and has gone far toward placing principle above policy in the political creed of Missouri. It is impossible to measure the effect of such a life. It is perhaps more powerful in its invisible results than in its visible ones. It is a lesson that leaves the whole body politic. It is an example that, unconsciously to themselves, shapes the thoughts and lives of all who behold it.

That this is literally true in the case of Folk is shown by the fact that, following his exposure of corruption in St. Louis, similar crusades started in Minneapolis, San Francisco and other cities. The movement has only begun. It will go on till it has cleansed every city on the continent. The moral awakening of this people comes slowly, but it is coming as surely and irresistibly as the summer and sunshine.

Private greed cannot always win as against public good. Lies cannot always prevail against righteousness. Selfishness must some time give way to brotherhood. Graft, running the gamut all the way from high finance to low politics, has about had its day in this country. The issue is one of plain honesty. Sooner or later stealing is going to become unpopular. America is discovering a national conscience. Men of the Folk stamp are giving it voice.

Did His Duty.

Joseph Wingate Folk was born in Tennessee in 1852, graduated from Vanderbilt university, admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one and began practice at his home town of Brownsville. Shortly afterward he went to the big town of his section, St. Louis, where he began as an unknown country lawyer. For seven years he remained unknown, but was gradually winning his way into a good practice. Having been identified with some cases for the union labor people, the Democratic machine, needing a labor candidate, offered him the nomination for circuit attorney. At first Folk refused, but afterward consented to make the race, stipulating, however, that he proposed to "do his duty." The bosses of course regarded this as a good joke. All their candidates said the same, but when in office did the will of the machine.

Despite great odds against him, Folk was elected and took his oath of office when only a trifle past thirty-one. Then, to the amazement and chagrin of the bosses, he actually kept his word and did his duty. He proved that at least one candidate for office meant what he said. The machine politicians of St. Louis have not yet recovered from the novelty of the experience. Some of them have retired to the quiet and seclusion of a jail to think it over.

The average machine worker would be better for the same sort of enforced aid of reflection. It would improve

him in many ways, among others in respect for his own word and for other people's property.

Somebody ought to write a platform consisting of four words, "Down with the crooks!"

That may not be a very elegant shibboleth, but it fits the needs of the case. The battle against organized rascality is not apt to be a pink tea affair. It will require something more than dilet-

tant methods to scourge the thieves from the temple of liberty.

How He Fought Boodlers.

Folk won out because he was in deadly earnest. He bluffed trust presidents and bank presidents into giving him the evidence he needed. Reading that there was \$76,000 in a certain depository that members of the St. Louis house of delegates were trying to get, he placed two and two together and concluded that a certain suburban railway was trying to buy the passage of a bill. Calling before him the millionaire, president and legislative agent, familiarly known as the keeper of the "yellow dog," Folk asked them as to the facts. When they made denial, he convinced them that he knew the inside of the affair and gave them three days to furnish the information demanded. If they refused, he would have them arrested and would prosecute them to the full extent of the law.

At the end of two days an ex-governor of Missouri appeared for the railroad president with the story that his client was sick. Folk was sorry, of course, but unfeeling. The upshot was that the unguine and his "yellow dog" both went before the grand jury and confessed. Then, by a magnificent system of bluff and threats, of arrest for two bank presidents, Folk, with three members of the grand jury, saw the \$76,000 corruption fund which had been deposited for safe keeping and also \$90,000 intended to purchase the other house. This was the beginning of the famous boodler prosecution of St. Louis that landed several prominent politicians and business men in the penitentiary, sent others into exile, made the supreme court intervene in behalf of more and angered Joseph W. Folk in the governor's chair.

prosecution. But he was to be moved neither by fear nor cupidity. The coarse workers of machine politics found that there was more in this quiet young man than was apparent on the surface. He was a new type, one that could be neither bullied nor bribed, one not to be discouraged by opposition or tempted by office.

One of Governor Folk's most marked characteristics is that he is deeply religious. He is ever ready with a quotation from the four gospels, and his appeal is to the higher and better in the hearts of his hearers. He is clean in his life without uncharitableness for others. He is moved by inward religious impulse without priggishness.

So equipped with inner light and outer knowledge, young Folk was more than a match for all the talent that the corrupt machine of St. Louis and Kansas City counted the ballots against him, but the sterling Missouri farmer rallied to his support, overturned the bosses and triumphantly gave him the nomination. It was no brass band victory, but one of shut lips and determined hearts. In the succeeding election Folk was the only successful candidate on his ticket. Owing to the fearful exposures Missouri went Republican for the first time in her history. She could not stand the Ryan-Belmont reaction. Democracy that was temporarily in the saddle and gave her electoral vote to Theodore Roosevelt. But at the same time she awarded a signal moral and political victory to J. W. Folk.

Not Yet Forty.

While not classed as an orator, Governor Folk has great power with a jury or an audience because of his sincerity, his ability in finding the weak point of his adversary and of going to the heart of a question and his winning appeal to the hearts and souls of his listeners. He is clean cut, courageous and always in earnest. Whether he is ever president or not he is a distinct force for civic righteousness in this day that needs it so much. Governor Folk is not yet forty years old. He is to be reckoned with in the future. He is quite as fearless in telling of trust graft as in exposing political graft. Through the coming battle of this people against the combinations of crooks Folk will be in his element.

In this day of busy divorce courts and "attitude" demeritis it is refreshing to find so many of our public men with clean and wholesome home lives. That of Governor Folk is especially commendable. He and Mrs. Folk, who was a Miss Gertrude Glass, were childhood playmates. She is quite as modest and retiring as he, but takes a keen interest in political affairs and counsels with him on every important move.

Quick Witted.

Despite the fact that he is a very earnest individual, Governor Folk has a quick wit and a keen appreciation of humor. He tells a good story and enjoys one at his own expense. Here is one he used to tell that still may be new to most readers:

A colored man was haled into court for some trivial offense. When his case was reached the clerk frightened the prisoner almost into apoplexy by reading in a loud voice, "The state of Missouri against John Jones."

"Guilty or not guilty?" said the judge.

"Poor John Jones arose, with trembling limbs and bulging eyes."

"Well, yo' honor," he gasped, "ef de whole state of Missouri is agin dis one pore nigger I's gwine to give up right now."

Folk is almost as much of a Chautauquin favorite as his friend Bryan, as the following story shows:

A bootblack of an Illinois Chautauqua assembly was asked:

"Who was the greatest lecturer on the programme this year?"

"Governor Folk," was the reply.

"Why do you think Governor Folk the greatest lecturer?"

"Why, sir, I made \$3.25 the day he was here."

That the Folk features are fairly well known was rather startlingly illustrated some years ago. A letter postmarked at Randolph, N. Y., reached the governor at Jefferson City on schedule time, although the only address was a pen sketch of his face and the single word "Missouri." Mr. Folk said it was not an exact likeness, but it was enough like him to find him without delay.

The brightest hope of this country is found in the clean minded, brave hearted young men of the Roosevelt, Bryan, La Follette and Folk types. They may not all be presidents, but they can all do valiant battle for common honesty, common decency and the people's rights. Strength to their arms!

A nonchalant reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die?"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy!"

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

A Quick Switch.

Jack (studying geography)—Father, what is a strait? Father (reading the paper)—Five cards of a—that is, a narrow strip of water connecting two larger bodies.—Harper's Weekly.

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Beware the Signature of Dr. J. C. Atkinson.

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

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JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139

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—AND—

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Furnishing Goods.

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RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

OLDEN TIMES

By the late

Ask the Information Man.

Questions the Traveler Wants Answered.

It appeared to be a very busy time for the information man standing behind the Jersey City station window marked "Bureau of Information."

The train announcer with the perfectly clear voice and the faultless enunciation was going through the station waiting rooms delivering himself of the following entirely lucid utterances:

"The express train for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, departing at 1:55 is now open, and is now 1:55 o'clock. Passengers for this express train for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington may now pass through Gate Number Four for that train."

Nevertheless a stocky, fussy looking woman of indefinite age who had been intently regarding the train announcer while he made this announcement seemed to believe that he was not telling the truth. She rushed up to the young man behind the bureau of information window and demanded of him:

"What time did that man say the train for Philadelphia went?"

"One fifty-five, madam," said the informant.

"Oh, he did, did he?" said the stocky woman suspiciously. "And what time did he say it was now?"

"That clock up there is right, madam," said the informative young man, pointing to the clock.

"How do I know that old clock's right?" she asked back at him, without looking at the clock. "I ask you again, what time did that man say it was?"

"He said it was 1:55, madam, but it is now 1:55," replied the answer man.

"1:55—1:55, and the train goes in ten minutes," calculated the fussy woman. "Look here, young man, will I have time to go and get me an ice cream soda?"

"Do they keep ice cream soda in the station?" I am perishing for an ice cream soda."

"Yes, there is a soda fountain over yonder in the restaurant, and they keep ice cream soda; and you might have time to get it, madam; if you were brisk about it; but I believe I wouldn't take any chance out of it, for there's generally a crowd around the soda fountain these hot days, and may be you might get it."

"Well, they'll serve folks first that have got trains to catch, I guess, won't they?" she cut in on him.

"You can search—I mean, I really don't know," the answerer replied, shifting to the other leg. By this time four or five other persons were lined up behind the fussy woman, waiting to get a crack at the answer man.

"[Lull.] And you call this a bureau of information!" the stocky woman said. "If you don't know whether they'll serve folks first that have trains to catch—"

"Madam, if you are going to take that 1:55 train I would advise you to pass through gate 4 and get aboard," the young man politely warned her.

"It is now 1:55, and—"

"Yes, and here you've kept me talking all this time like I might have gone and got me an ice cream soda," she went on to the fussy woman, and then she picked up her traps and rushed for the gate at a waddling canter.

Next in the line was a woman with very high cheekbones and a somewhat like a soldier looking lingerie hat.

"All of them trains for Atlantic City go right straight through?" she asked in rather a snappy tone.

"They do not, madam," replied the answer man. "Some of them go straight through by the bridge route. Others only go to Philadelphia, change for Camden."

"Sugar! Why don't they all go right through?" she asked peevishly.

"The young man had no reply for this."

"Why don't they?" the woman insisted.

"I don't know," he replied patiently.

"Why, I thought you knowed everything," she said then. "Ain't you the bureau of information?"

"Only work behind this window, madam. I don't arrange the policy of the road," he replied.

"Now, don't you see me, young man?" she rapped out menacingly. And then she became quite amiable again.

"Do you know of a nice place to stop at in Atlantic City, young man?" she asked him.

He might well have been staggered by the hopeless immensity of this question, but he wasn't. He is often asked that same question, he says privately.

"It wouldn't be easy for me to recommend any one place, madam," he replied, "seeing that there are some things like a thousand hotels and perhaps a couple of thousand boarding houses down there."

"But I mean some place that is cheap and nice and close to the water," she persisted.

The answer man named a couple of hotels "close to the water," where you can get into one of the smaller rooms for about \$5 a day, European plan, at the height of the season if you're lucky.

"How much do these places charge?" the woman inquired.

"Oh, from six a day up, without board," the young man replied, a bit mischievously. "But they're pretty nice."

"Six dollars a day, without board?" the woman almost shrieked. "Why, make alive, man, that's all I intend to pay a week with board!"

"Yes?" said the answer man. "Well, I hope you succeed in finding some nice place for that money," and, somehow or another, there wasn't a bit of sarcasm in his tone, either. Answer men are not allowed to be sarcastic.

"Well, if I don't, I can see myself coming right smack back to Utica," snarled the woman with the high cheekbones, and she looked as if she seriously meant it too. "Six dollars a day for a room without board—who ever heard of such nonsense?" and she jerked her valise from the floor as if she imagined the handle to be one of the ears of an Atlantic City landlord.

Presently a man with a face bronzed almost to match his reddish beard, wearing perfectly obvious store clothes of black, and with one of those occasionally recurring black glazed bags of the Continental era, appeared at the window.

"Podner," he inquired, poking his head well within the window, "when do I get into Seattle?"

"It will be soon, was a power."

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, sir," was the polite reply, "unless you give me some sort of an idea of when you're going to start for Seattle."

"I'm going right away—on this very train," replied the bronzed man, in a surprised tone, as if he considered it remarkable that the answer man didn't

know all about Seattle. "I'm off right now!"

"Let's see your ticket, please, and I'll tell you when you get there," said the answer man, and after examining the ticket and rapidly glancing over some time tables right at his hand, "You'll arrive in Seattle on Monday afternoon next at 2:30," he added.

"Well, that's a good ride!" exclaimed the bronzed one proudly. "Say, son, they say it takes a heap out of Seattle. Dye reckon it'll be raining when I get there?"

The answer man replied that he really didn't know whether this was the rainy season in the Puget Sound country or not, and the man with the black glazed bag picked that article up and went away with a look at the answer man that denoted considerable doubt in his mind as to his competency for a job.

Next up was another fussy looking woman with three extremely petulant children clinging to her skirts.

"See here, you," was her somewhat reluctant way of addressing the man in the information booth, "will this train get into Wilmington on time?"

"Really, I don't know, madam," truthfully replied the answer man. "Quite often it does."

"Don't you get sarcastic with me, bub," crushingly remarked the woman bound for Wilmington. "I gotta right to ask you any questions I wanta. I'm sellin' my husband's work."

"I'm sellin' my husband's work?" five miles out of Wilmington and I wanta telegraph him we're comin' and he takes it wait until railroad stations, and if he has it wait three or four hours he'll sure like back to where he works!" fifteen miles out of Wilmington—he's that impatient an peevish—"

"Oh, I think the train will get to Wilmington on time all right," reassuringly put in the answer man. "But anyhow, to make sure that he'll be there why don't you wire him that the train will be there an hour or so sooner than it's due?"

"I never let my husband, young man," she replied in a tone of great audacity.

She went away from the window looking as if she hadn't got her money's worth of information, and her place was taken by an exceedingly flabbergasted young man with suspiciously bridge-roomish looking clothes. The nervous looking young woman who hovered near him had on clothes too that looked powerfully like those described by the society reporter as the "going away" kind.

"Say, look a-here," the flabbergasted young man whispered hoarsely and confidentially to the answer man, "is there any way that we, udding in the direction of the nervous looking young woman hovering near him, 'can get off the train before it pulls in to the Trenton station? Does the train slacken up enough before pulling into the Trenton station so that we could drop off?"

"I couldn't give you any advice, sir," maliciously replied the answer man, "that might aid you in evading the law. I take it that you are expecting to be arrested on some charge at the Trenton station?"

"Blaze, no!" gasped the excited young man. "Thunderation, you know different from that!" And then he caught the twinkle in the answer man's eye and laughed nervously.

"You see, it's this way: Some of those darned ruffians and cutthroats have wired to Trenton—we're from Trenton, you know—that we're going to drop off there for a day or so, and the time we're due there, and of course, there'll be a mob of old shoe and nose chucks and fool trick workers down at the station and we want to flag all that stuff if there's any way. Say, is there any way we can fix it?"

The answer man was sorry to have to say that he didn't see any way out of that scrape if they insisted upon going to Trenton, and the flabbergasted young man and his bride went away disconsolate.

Then an old fashioned black mammy in a purple lined little bonnet shuffled up to the window.

"Mistub," she said, "de man say heah is de place tuh find out things. Is dis de burey of information?"

"Yes, auntie," replied the answer man. "What can I do for you?"

"Does yo' all know a street in Baltimore dat dey calls Eutaw place?" she asked.

The young man knew and he told her how Eutaw place could be reached after her arrival in Baltimore.

"Well," pursued the mammy, "does yo' all know de Pages—Kunneel Page's family—is still uh-livin' on Eutaw place in Baltimore?"

"Deed I don't, mammy," said the answer man.

"Case Ah she wants tuh find dey all," said the mammy. "Ah uet tuh wuk fo' de Pages down in Richmond, an' aftuh Ah lef'em tuh come heah dey done move tuh Baltimore. Now all mah own family's done gone—mah las' daughter she done dey tuh find dey yellday—ah! Ah wants tuh find de Pages."

"How long since you've seen them, mammy?" inquired the answer man.

"Ain't seen any of 'em fo' twenty-five years!" the old mammy replied, as if that space of time wasn't much more than a wink. "Does yo' all think Ah'll find 'em on Eutaw place, huh?"

"I'm afraid I'd have to advise you not to chance it, mammy," said the young man, more in earnest than he had been with any of the others, and the old mammy was then swept aside by other queries.

"Buy?" said the answer man then.

"Why, I haven't been busy enough to-day to keep awake. Y'ought to come here when I'm sore busy!"

Spirit of New Japan.

From George Trumbull Ladd's "On the Bushido Morals of Japan" in the July Century.

It has hitherto been vaguely characterized of the New Japan that, where experience at home or abroad from abroad has revealed: decadence and difficulties it has gone indifferently and deliberately about the work of supplying the deficiencies and of overcoming the difficulties. The fear of the wisest and best of her statesmen at the present time is not so much that Japan will not hold her own, but that she will in the rivalry of commerce and trade; it is rather that she will be overwhelmed and degraded by absorbing the influence of the commercial spirit new life in Great Britain, America and Germany. To safeguard, expand, elevate and extend to the whole nation, with its varied changes, that spirit which has characterized in the past their own best types of manhood, is with them their chief concern.

Irate Pedestrian—Take off them glasses, you scoundrel, and I'll punch yer face for you.

"But, my dear sir, that is quite against the custom. Who ever heard of ordering off the glasses before the punch is served?"—L.A.

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Inside a Submarine.

An Interesting Experience and One Not Easy to Secure.

From "The Undersea Sailor and His Boat," in July M. Nichols.

Climbing down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear-splitting racket, like a dozen trip-hammers clattering a tattoo about a grind and rumble and thump of machinery as it especially designed to burst your eardrums. At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what means an enormous steel cigar, painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull. You have expected, of course, to find in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead, the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space" or deck, measuring seven feet by twenty-five or thirty feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines; in fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silver steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 500 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting, or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

But this economy of space is nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls and ceiling and the space in the bow are gigantic ballast tanks to be filled with water that will take a part shortly when you get ready to dive. The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter, and weighing fifteen hundred pounds each, are lashed up for and in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool boxes, and binged bunks for the crew to sleep in. The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual, is compressed in a steel cylinder to two thousand pounds per square inch—a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin-hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being, it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch-thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance in purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of thirty-five knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull. Directly under the conning tower is a platform three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down; and at the feet of the captain, and on a level with his platform, is the station of the second in command, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gauges that register the angle of ascent and descent, and show how deep the boat is down. The two officers are in personal communication so that in case of heart disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

A Forest of Stone in Australia.

In Albany, in Australia, is to be seen a stone forest—in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of a gray stone. It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was full of vegetation, and then through some upheaval of the earth it was buried in sand. Little by little water acting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified. The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand, and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.

Measuring a Story.

"Sam," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels to swap?"

"I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other.

"Is it a long story?"

"No. You can finish it easy in two messages."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A politician relates that he was making a speech last week when he was annoyed by the frequent interruptions of an opposition voter, who seemed bent on making trouble.

"My friend," said the speaker, determining to suppress the disturber, "haven't you heard the story of how a braying ass put to fight the entire Syrian army?"

"Don't you be afraid of this audience," shouted back the disturber of the meeting; "there ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've tested it!"—Tie-Bee.

"Wigs went out this morning to clean off the snow."

"Every two minutes he'd run in the house to warm up."

"Did he clean off the snow?"

"He finally cleaned off the little that he hadn't carried into the house on his feet."

"Mark," remarked the man with long hair, "is the language of the heart."

"In that case," replied the man who takes things literally, the "person who likes raplans must have a terrible pain."—Washington Star.

"You can't get something for nothing," remarked the aphorist.

"And yet," answered the man who has had dreams, "I am sure all those purple dragons and pink rabbits I got out of that Welsh rabbit were never put into it."—Washington Star.

Teacher (of class of geography)—Johnny, how is Chicago bounded?"

Johnny—Like Michigan on one side, me!"—Ain't no boundaries on the other side.—Chicago Tribune.

A Letter From the American Ambassador.

Berth E. Thompson, at Mexico, Praises the Bando de Policia.

A most extraordinary letter has been recently received by Messrs. Green and Rowe, who are to manage the Second Annual New England Food Fair and House Furnishing Exposition to be held at Mechanics Building, Boston, during next October for the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers Association. The letter is from David E. Thompson, the able American Ambassador to Mexico, and one of the old friends of President Diaz of that nation. In it, Mr. Thompson makes the very strong statement that the Bando de Policia which is to be the big musical feature of the New England Exposition, "has no superior anywhere." The text of the letter is as follows:

May 22, 1908.

Mr. N. 753.

C. H. Green & E. J. Rowe, Managers, New England Exposition, No. 60 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

My dear Sir:

I have yours of the 14th instant relative to the Mexican Exhibit and advising me that finally you have information that President Diaz will permit the Bando de Policia to be sent to your Exposition, and I thank you for your kindly expression.

Whatever service I was able to render you in reaching this conclusion was given in a worthy cause; both from the standpoint of the Exposition and of the Mexican Government. The Bando de Policia, which you are to have, is the very finest in Mexico and I believe it has no superior anywhere. Yourself and your people may feel very certain that the band will do credit to the Government it will represent, as well as to the Exposition Management which has secured it, and it will leave a pleasant memory in the minds of all who hear it.

Very truly yours,

D. E. Thompson.

DET'w

These are surely words of unusual praise from a man who is in the position to know whereof he speaks, and New Englanders may well look forward to a genuine musical treat at the coming Exposition in Mechanics Building.

Not only will Mexico send her finest band, but as intimated in the letter, she also will send a Mexican Government exhibit, to occupy a space of 14,000 square feet, including the stage in Grand Hall, Mechanics Building. This will be a much larger exhibition than the government of Mexico ever sent to any world's fair or, in other words, it will be the largest she has ever sent anywhere. The display will comprise exhibits from every one of Mexico's twenty-two states, and will be of greatest educational value as a demonstration of the resources, products and history of that most interesting nation.

On The Honeymoon.

The Bridegroom—Ah, darling, I can see the joyrides in your eyes.

The Bride—Don't be silly, George. There is nothing in my eyes but cinders.—Chicago News.

And She Did.

"I believe in making the little things count," remarked the kindergarten teacher, as she called up the class in arithmetic.—Philadelphia Record.

Classified.

Holo—She claims she's one of the "Four Hundred."

Tessie—She looks more like one of the "Fifty seven."—Pinecroft Tiger.

"Ladies," called the president of the Afternoon Whist Club, "ladies, it has been moved and postponed that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from table A. And the suggestion was adopted.—Exchange.

The base ball spirit is a wonderful and impressive thing," said a New Haven larber. "New manifestations of it continually crop up. Ted Jones, the great Yale catcher, flapped into that red plush chair there the other day."

"Shave, sir?" said I.

"No," said he. "Throat out, Yale job!"—Washington Star.

"Ostend," remonstrated his mother, "how often have I told you not to stare at people with your mouth open? They don't like it, my son."

"But that gentleman won't mind, ma," hastened Tommy; "he is a dentist."—Chicago News.

Wayside William (the tramp)—Weary, did ye notice by th' papers that thousands of men was going back to work?"

Weary Wiggins—Well, that's be a good thing for our bizness.

"How so?"

"It reduces competition."—Illustrated Mail.

Lady (after tendering a shilling for fare)—And here are two buns you may have, my man.

Cabby—Thank you kindly, lady. I suppose you don't 'appen to 'ave a wisp of 'ay for the 'orse?—Camell's Saturday Journal.

"Aren't your sermons rather prosy?" asked the faint finding elder.

"Prosy?" echoed the exasperated minister. "What do you expect? Limericks?"—The Louis Republic.

Mrs. Hagan—"O! gave me husband a loving kiss."

Mrs. Grogan—"Sure, O! gave Pat such a mug that he's been in the hospital wid it for a week."—Puck.

Teacher—Who was Peter the Great?"

Papa—If you don't know who Peter the Great was I'm not coming to school to you any more.—New York Press.

Gerald—You are the only girl I have ever loved.

Geraldine—Do you expect me to marry a photograph?—New York Press.

"Johnny, what's a patriot?"

"A boy who'll radder miss sein: de game den go in on a ball knocked over de fence by de visiting team."—Kansas City Journal.

"She's very aloof and austere, but I got her interested."

"How?"

"By telling her how she ever came to marry her dot of a husband."

Women's Dep't.

Woman Suffrage in Practice.

Prof. Harry E. Kelly, now practicing law in Denver, but formerly of the Iowa State University, had some of the objections to woman suffrage put to him for answer. This is the way he handles them:

1. Woman suffrage would create discord in the family.

"Colorado has never heard of a case of family discord that was even alleged to have originated in woman suffrage. The members of a family are inclined to stand together upon political questions much as they are upon religious questions; but this fact broadens the family interest in public affairs, because women, disregarding the mere scramble for office, direct the family interest along the line of social questions, in addition to the interest in partisan politics. While woman suffrage increases the number of votes, it gives us an increased breadth of public interest in social welfare. Neither has woman suffrage rendered politics attractive to women as a vacation, nor has it had any other effect on their character than to multiply their social interests and widen their intellectual horizon. Their right to vote has not made them less dutiful as mothers and wives."

2. Women do not wish to vote.

"The women of Colorado are not office-seekers, but they vote solidly when there is anything in a campaign that appeals to their interests; and in all elections their vote is large. Among them of course there are some bad women, just as among men there are some bad men. But I apprehend that nobody has any scheme by which the suffrage can be so restricted as to exclude persons who are evil-minded. There is not a city in the world where the vote of evil women could be of enough consequence to be worthy of serious consideration in a controversy like this."

3. The surroundings of the polls are such that a refined woman cannot well go to them.

"That is moonshine; for under woman suffrage, as we have seen in Colorado, the voting booths are placed in most respectable quarters, largely in private houses, with surroundings that offer no opportunity for criticism."

Of Interest to Women.

Mrs. Harriet Hood of Thermopolis has been elected by the Wyoming State Democratic Convention as an alternate to the National Convention.

It is announced as a victory for Belgian women that in future they will be allowed to testify in civil suits. What sort of antiquated legislation has Belgium had hitherto?

A nurse

